

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, February 28, 1873.

Our Directors.

Mail for Louisville comes at 8 a.m. daily.
Mail for Lexington, twice Standard time at 10 a.m., p.m.
Mail for Lexington, twice Standard time at 10 a.m., p.m.
Mail for Lexington, twice Standard time at 10 a.m., p.m.
Mail for Louisville arrives daily at Stanford at 7 p.m. Louisville at 11 a.m.

Newspaper Laws.

A publisher is required to give notice by letter to each of the State and County Officers, and the State Auditor, of his name, address, and the name of his paper, and state the reason for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so will subject him to a fine of \$100.

Any person who takes a paper home, the publisher will be liable to a fine of \$100.

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The "Myers House," under the proprietorship of Mr. James R. Owen, who took possession this week, will maintain its high reputation. Mr. Owen is a sensible and clever gentleman, and will receive a large share of the public patronage. See his card in this issue.

Have your own plants for home use, such as Tomatoes, and Early York cabbage. A small box, two feet by one-and-a-half, six inches deep, filled with fine, rich garden soil, is enough for both kinds—each of each. Place the box on a sunny window, water occasionally. Now the seed the first of March.

INSTRUCTION.—The Lebanon Standard says: "Miss Greene Hutchinson, of Green county, recently gave birth to a child, of which her sister's husband, Edward Woodbridge, is said to be the father. The child was murdered, and Woodbridge, at last accounts, is in jail. The condition of the woman is critical.

DAVID GARRIS, who, for a many years, lived near our town, died at his home, Crab Orchard, on Saturday morning last, after a long illness. Mr. Garris was one of our best citizens, and many will miss him from the walls of life. His remains were interred in Buffalo Spring Cemetery, on Monday evening last.

AN advertisement elsewhere in this issue, states that the old well-known merchants, Cook & Green, Hustonville, are turning out a new line of goods, with a view to meet the wants of the people.

Mr. JAMES R. OWEN, having leased the "Myers House," will sell at public auction, on March 17th, at his farm, 25 2-year old mares, 4 large work mules, 1 fine saddle and harness mule, 12 head of cattle, and other valuable.

WILLIAM PARKER, of Owen county, writes home from Holly Spring, Miss., where he went with a car load of 2 year old mares, that the market is dull. He sold only one.

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WILLIAM PARKER, of Owen county, writes home from Holly Spring, Miss., where

NEAR THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

AT FRANCIS W. THOM.

Very near the broad highway,
In the quiet of the noisy town,
Where the carts roll over the cluster of bows,
Go thither and thither, down,
For they tried on my heart with a merciless hand;
Let them trample it now, as it lies with the dead,
In the dust of oblivion down.

Why should the birds sit over my head,
And sing the while day through?
Or watch their nests in the boughs long,
In the sun, when stars are dead?
When into my heart not a note of cheer,
Came down, through the chill of my arctic year,
When my life itself was dead.

Why should the roses grow and bloom
Over the dust in which life lies?
It is bitter that they, like me, only hopeless,
Lie there, to die, to die, to die,
For my heart is as dry as Sahara's sand,
When the drouth strikes blow after blow
And the east wind driveth high.

Why should the earth sit still?
On the grass that covers me?
And the bright drops like a woman's tears
Fall on the dust where I lie?
When the birds were as still as brine
In the day when such should be?

Na! my grave by the crowded street
In the middle of traffic and trade;
Where men are winners and men are lost,
And fortunes are lost or made.
For the world is a battle-field, and town,
And down in the cruel battle-bone,
A prisoner, and betrayed.

For flowers are more for the loved and gay,
In the boy of the marriage train;
And tears are idle for joy can weep,
And pleasure as well as pain.
But the world is a battle-field, where I have named,
And the world is full of the lip that blanched
And the hands have folded in pain.

—Harriet Frost, Post.

DOCTOR HARRY'S STORE.

BY FRANCIS D. CONVERSE.

Her name was — well, on reflection, I think that I'll call her Belle, which was only her middle name, and she was most decidedly the sweetest girl that ever captivated the heart of an impressionable young man—such as was your humble servant, ten years ago.

I don't propose to give you a personal description of this young lady, but leave to the imagination to picture to him the very prettiest girl that you know, and multiply the result by five.

Her father's name was Smith—or that name will answer all practical purposes, and he was by all plain speaking people, acknowledged to be the closest-fisted old scrooge that ever loaned money at twelve percent; but as he was worth about nine thousand dollars, he was generally spoken of as being a somewhat eccentric and remarkably shrewd old gentleman, whose wealth had been amassed by years of patient toil.

I was a youthful M. D. who had acted as army surgeon during the war, and at its close had pitched upon Tatleton as a field for future effort, the only other physician being a rather venerable party, who was a firm believer in jalap, calomel, and profuse bleeding, as remedies for most of the diseases to which the human flesh is heir. The old doctor's rather severe treatment of some cases had subjected him to considerable criticism, so much so indeed that the youth of the vicinity had, on more than one occasion, removed the sign of the village undertaker from its legitimate place to a position over the door of Dr. Stapleton's office, where, as it was enlivened with a picture of a very black coffin on a very white ground, its suggestiveness was too marked to admit of any doubt as to the estimation in which Dr. Stapleton was held by many of his townsmen; and so, having accidentally learned of the place and the foregoing facts, I had, as I have said, resolved to build up a practice in Tatleton.

Next to his money, old Smith loved his daughter, a fact which was probably the occasion of my being called to attend the safe Isabel professionally, to my great surprise, for Mr. Smith invariably employed Dr. Stapleton, and it was whispered that he was working out an old debt against him; but the doctor was gone, and, as I say, I was called in.

It was only a slight cold, betraying some faint indications of fever, which, however, I reduced in a very short time, and then, from making professional calls, I began to make friendly ones, which threatened to mean something more than friendship on my part.

Well, to make a long story short, I fell irretrievably in love with Isabel, and to speak plainly, without any shilly-shallying, she reciprocated. Of course I didn't mean that all this happened the day that we first met, though I think part of it did, for I was smitten at first sight and haven't got over it yet.

Old Smith didn't like me very well. My office was in one end of Borden's Block, on the main street, the little steamed that ran between Boston and Tatleton lay; and on the other side of the passage, about twenty feet away, was Clayton's Block, in the end of which, and directly opposite my own office windows, was old Smith's "den," as it was familiarly called, and in the summer, when the windows were up, the old gentleman had the full benefit of my violin practice, and as I was just commencing to learn that instrument, when I look back upon the time I can hardly wonder that he used to jump up and down in the middle of the floor and swear flatly, or go to kicking the solitary chair round the room; finally relieving his feelings by bringing the window down with a sharp thud that made the glass rattle.

Perhaps he didn't have a natural ear for music, I know now that I didn't, but more likely it bothered him in his figuring, as he sat there from day to day reckoning interest and scheming how to make his ninety thousand a hundred thousand, before he died.

How many times I have watched him counting his money at the old pine table, preparatory to locking it up in the big iron safe that stood in one corner of the room. Owing to a peculiarity of light thrown into his window I could see distinctly every thing that passed, even when the windows were down, and many a time have I amused myself by watching the faces of the different customers that entered the "den."

But old Smith didn't like me very well at first, when I came to him boldly and told him that I loved his daughter Belle, I thought in his rage that he would kill me.

"You — beggarly pill-vender!" That was the first epithet that came to his lips. And then the other flowers of speech with which he favored me were equally as full flavored, I heard him through very patiently, but my calmness seemed the more to exasperate him, and in blanched frenzy, forgetting his age, he actually flung himself upon me and endeavored to throw me from the room. I feared he would have an apoplectic fit, he was so angry. And I quickly took him, very much as a teacher

would take a refractory pupil, and set him bodily down in his chair, for he was but a child in strength, while I was an unwise visitor of the day preceding.

And then I told him that I had given him fair warning—that his daughter loved me, and I, and he, and that, please God, some day I meant to marry her; and then I left him shouting curses after me, and went across to my own office.

Well, when he went home that night, there was a scene and no mistake. But Belle was true grit, and never for a moment did she shrink from her plighted troth; so that when finally the old man in his rage cursed her, and in his mad狂 raised his hand against her, telling her to leave his house, and that henceforth she was no daughter of his, she stood proud and defiant before him, with the spirit of her dead mother shining out of her eyes, and said:

"Father, I'm going, but if you want me back tell me so, and I'll come; and then she left him, and, taking a few of those comprehensive articles known by females as "things," she passed over her father's threshold.

I was coming home from a visit to "the Point," where I had been called to attend a cheerful case of D. T., in which the patient, among other strange fancies, had taken me for the devil who had come for his soul, and I was thinking of the curse of intemperance and John D. Hough, and I don't know what all, when I turned to go to my room, which was in the same block as my office, I met Belle with a handatched.

"Where on earth?" said I, and I hope my over-sensitive readers will pardon me if I state that I prefaced the inquiry with a kiss; but remember it was after dark and we were engaged, "where on earth are you going, Belle?"

Well, it didn't take her long to tell me. She had an aunt on the Hambleton side of the river, and was intending to go there till she could look round a bit.

"Can you trust me, Belle?" said I, after a moment's thought, in the whole which I resolved to make the boldest move of my life: for my mind was young and very much in love.

"You know I will, without asking that," Harry," said the dear girl, and she meant it. Her confidence in me was something wonderful, and had characterized our whole intercourse, and though it be I who say, it I think she never regretted it.

And then I whispered to her what my thought was. Brave girl that she was, she didn't faint, or go into hysterics, or declare it was impossible—but after a moment of thought, she placed her hand in my own and said:

"As you will, Harry."

In a few moments more, we were standing in "Square Harwood's sitting-room, and the "Square" who was a staunch friend of mine, after a few "I ums" and "dew tels," called his wife into the room, and in less than five minutes, we were married.

I believe at the time, I had just seven dollars and thirty cents in the world, and so we went to house-keeping in one room, and the next day the town was ringing with the affair, till like every thing else, it did out, but old Smith remained impalpable, which though a cause of sorrow to Belle, her cheery disposition made her always say that he would come round in time, and meant while God never gave purer happiness to earthly mortals than to us two.

Well, hy-and-by things began to look better for me, and slowly but surely I began to gain ground, and finally to work into an excellent practice, and old Dr. Stapleton retired from the field disgusted.

One day as I was preparing some medicine in the office, the door opened and admitted the most villainous-looking wretch that I ever have seen in my whole life.

He was of herculean build, with no perceptible neck, a bullet head from whence the hair had been cropped, a low forehead, an eye which had a stealthy, shifty look, and a general hang-dog appearance.

"Look here, Doc," said my visitor, carefully closing the door and turning the key in the lock—a movement that caused me to step instinctively nearer the corner of the room where there stood a loaded Ballant rifle, a relic of my army days—"you needn't be scared, on'y I didn't want no — sneaks-pyin' round. I've got a powerful bad sore on my leg, an' I want some salve or somethin' for it, an' I ain't got a cent of money."

As he spoke, he placed his foot on a chair, and rolling up the leg of his coarse trousers, displayed a shocking abrasion of the ankle, that I at once knew proceeded from a fitter iron.

"I—hurt it," he answered uneasily to my inquiry, but I thought best to ask no more questions, for I really pitied the man, as he must have suffered intensely from the terrible sore; so I bound it up and applied a soothing lotion, and after this was done I gave him a dollar, I think, at which he expressed a rough gratitude and left the office.

In the evening that followed I had several critical cases, and in the anxiety and care that arose from them, I thought no ill of my disagreeable-looking visitor till I had returned home, and was telling Belle about him, for we had rented a little house in the village and gone to house-keeping on a slightly advanced scale from our first attempt, though still in a modest way. But as I finished my description, the door-bell rang, and being answered, the presence of the "Bourthorpe" was required at "The Point."

Somebody had been knocked down, or something of the kind, and though it was full eleven o'clock, and my boots pulled off, away I must start again.

I drove to the Point, patched up a broken head, received a bottle of whisky out of the window of my patient's chamber, and returning, went to the office after some medicine that I knew I should require in the morning, in my room that entered the "den."

As I fumbled about for a match, I noticed a bright light in the room opposite—that of my father-in-law, and could plainly see the interior of the den, with its bare walls, the only articles of furniture being a pine table, a dilapidated chair, in which old Mr. Smith was seated, with his hands full of papers, which he appeared to be patiently studying, and opposite to him was the tall black safe with its doors swinging wide open. I do not know what particular impulse induced me to stand and watch him, with the match unlighted in my hand, but I did so, and was about turning away, when I saw his office door open, and Mr. Smith spring to his feet with an apoplectic fit, he was so angry. And I quickly took him, very much as a teacher

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.

In the New England *Homestead* we find reported the following discussion of "the method of manufacturing Maple-Sugar" by the Deerfield Valley Farmers' Institute: D. Canedy, of Heath, stated that the soil where the sugar maple grows, in his opinion makes a vast deal of difference in the quality of the sap and sugar. The most important point to be observed in making sugar is cleanliness, perfect cleanliness. He set two hundred and thirty trees, last season, to one hundred and thirty trees, and made one thousand six hundred pounds of sugar. Bores the holes one to one and a half inches, and leaves one to all the chips in the hole to prevent it from drying up; and would gather the sap as soon as possible after it runs, and boil it to sugar without ever letting it cool, as in this way gets the whiteness and a pure and plentiful supply of water is indispensable. It should be supplied either by an active stream or a dripping fountain. It has been estimated that one acre of ground is enough for three hundred fowls, and my opinion is that the reverse, and that three acres of ground will better accommodate one hundred fowls. In conclusion let me say that upon the hygienic surroundings of your poultry yards, buildings, etc., much of your success will depend.—Cor. *Poultry Argus*.

POULTRY.

D. CANEDY.

DEERFIELD VALLEY FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

D. CANEDY.